THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

NOVEMBER, 1813.

CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

THIS extraordinary woman was the daughter of the great Gustavus, and was born December 18th, 1626. During her childhood she displayed symptoms of dauntless intrepidity, that at once gratified and delighted the King. When that heroic monarch took leave of her previous to the German expedition, in which he lost his life, the sorrow she evinced upon the occasion is said to have affected him to tears. From this proof of sensibility, at so early a period, the instructors of the young Princess formed the most flattering presage; but, as she advanced in years, it seemed rather to have been the effect of affection to her father only, than from the natural feelings of her mind. Upon the death of Gustavus, Christina was declared Queen of Sweden, and seemed delighted with royal honours, though merely a child. The usual occupations of females afforded her no gratification; but all masculine amusements were pursued with delight. She possessed a natural taste for the abstract sciences, and acquired different languages with facility and ease. She made herself perfect mistress of civil polity; and, by a

complete knowledge of government, fitted herself for the important station of Queen. Having completed her eighteenth year, on the same day of December she took the government of the country into her own hands, several of the first potentates of Europe, from political motives, solicited her hand.

To marriage, however, Christina had an unconquerable aversion; for, naturally independent and impatient of controul, she could not bear the idea of being subject to the caprices of another; and declared, that no persuasion should induce her to become a wife. Few women ever possessed so large a share of coolness and intrepidity: she was even prepared for the sudden shock of surprize. Though at the commencement of Christina's reign she was engaged in a war with the Germans; yet, in a few years, her country enjoyed the blessings of peace, and she enacted several judicious laws, which reflect honour upon her memory. She was ardent in her friendships, but cruel in her resentments; and never suffered pity to mitigate the punishment which was due to a crime. The following account is given by Father Bell, superior of a convent, respecting the rigour that she practised towards Monaldeschi, the master of the horse, whom she had detected in a treasonable correspondence, and whom she was determined to punish, without applying to the law.

"On the 6th of November, 1657, I was sent for by the Queen of Sweden, and introduced into her presence with caution and reserve; when, being left together, she said, 'Sir, you bear a habit which implies confidence, and are worthy of being trusted, are you not?' Upon my assuring her that I was, she delivered a sealed packet to me, desiring me to note down the day when it had been placed in my hands, and to preserve it with the greatest precaution, until she gave me further commands. Four days afterwards, I received a second summons, and attended with the letters that were entrusted to my care; when I found her conversing with the Marquis Monaldeschi,

whilst three men, of inferior appearance, stood stationary near the door. 'My father,' said she, as I entered, 'give the packet to me which I committed to your charge a few days ago;' when, tearing the envelope, she took out several letters, which she delivered to the Marquis, desiring him to read. These were copies of those which had been written by the ill-fated Monaldeschi: he perused them with an agitation not to be concealed, but positively declared he was ignorant of the writing, and a total stranger to the treasonable plot they contained.—'Really, sir,' said the Queen, in an ironical tone, 'it is possible that *these* may not be such strangers to your sight.' So saying, she produced the *original epistles*; when the terrified Marquis fell upon his knees, and endeavoured to soften her resentment, by throwing the blame upon some of his friends. The men who had witnessed this scene of humiliation unsheathed their swords, and approached the devoted man; who, drawing the Queen to one corner of the apartment, implored her compassion in the most supplicating strains. Christina listened to him with a countenance unmoved by pity; when pointing to him with a small stick she had in her hand, 'My father, observe that I do not withhold from that perfidious traitor the time that may be necessary for him to make a confession of his crimes. I shall retire, and leave you to prepare him for that death he so justly deserves.' We instantly fell on our knees before her, and, in the most persuasive language, implored her to grant him his life; but, in a stern tone of voice, she called him a traitor; and declared that he deserved to be broken upon the wheel. The agonized Marquis entreated me to follow her, whilst the intended executioners of her vengeance ordered him to confess; and, unmoved by his tears, placed the points of their swords against him, desiring him quickly to repent of his sins. One of them at length, softened by his anguish, consented to be his mediator with the Queen; but he soon returned with the dreadful order, that he must instantly prepare

for death. Again the wretched man implored me to try to move her to compassion. I undertook the office, without a hope of success; kneeling, I implored her to follow the example of her Redeemer, who mercifully forgave the crimes that were committed against himself. She heard me with a degree of impatience in her countenance; said the crimes which he had been guilty of merited the most agonizing death. I then conjured her to deliver him over to the laws of his country; but she declared that she would be the punisher herself; and I reluctantly returned to the ill-fated Marquis, to fulfil my sacred function, and prepare him for his fate. Though the conduct of this ill-fated man doubtlessly deserved punishment; yet the resentment of the Queen was too rigid and severe. Monaldeschi would have suffered by the laws of his country, had Christina delivered him up to their power; but thus becoming the judge and the sovereign, she betrayed an unforgiving, vindictive spirit, unworthy of her sex, and particularly of a Queen."

The astonishment of all Europe was excited by Christina's declaring her intention to abdicate her throne about ten years after she had taken the share of government into her own hands. Charles Gustavus, her cousin, was nominated her successor; and the ceremony of abdication was performed in a solemn and affecting style; and the regret which was expressed by the greater part of her subjects, must have been a flattering testimony of their regard. Religion is said to have been the cause of her resignation; for she had recently embraced the Catholic faith; and the priests and Jesuits persuaded her, that the cares of royalty would interfere with the immortal concerns of her soul. Whatever was the cause, it is believed that she repented, and, upon the death of Charles Gustavus, wished to regain the regal seat; but her party had become weak, and no measure was taken to reinstate her in those honours she had voluntarily resigned. Like all human characters, that of Christina seems to have been a

compound of virtue and vice; her wit, her talents, and learning, and her magnanimity, are doubtless entitled to the tribute of praise; but in imitating the examples of the other sex, she forgot that feminine softness for which her own is so justly admired. "Draw me not," said she, with indignation, to an artist who was painting her picture,—"draw me not with a fan. I'll be accompanied by a lion."—It is said, that even the habit of the male sex often formed part of her habiliments.

After having abdicated her throne, she was scarcely ever stationary: from Sweden she went to Brussels, and from Brussels to Rome; again she went to France; returned back to Sweden, and at length died at Rome, in her sixty-third year.

C.

MAGLIABECHI.

THIS singular character, who was considered a prodigy in learning, was gifted with the faculty of memory in a surprizing degree. A gentleman of Florence, having written a piece which was to be printed, lent the manuscript to Magliabechi, for his perusal; who returned it to the author, with many thanks. Some time after, the writer, with a melancholy countenance, came to Magliabechi, and told him of some invented accident, by which, he said, he had lost his manuscript; and entreated Magliabechi, whose character for remembering what he read was already very great, to try to recollect as much of it as he possibly could, and write it down for him against his next visit. Magliabechi assured him he would do so, and, on setting about it, wrote down the whole manuscript, without missing a word, or even varying, according to his biographer, any where from the spelling.

THE CHILD OF THE BATTLE,

BY H. FINN.

LETTER I.

ULRIC COHENBERG TO ALBERT WALDSTIEN.

Vienna, ——.

If the conviction of my pure affection for you be not long since indelibly recorded in your heart by the hand of time, and witnessed by experience, futile would be the most solemn protestations, and fruitless the most strenuous endeavours, to commence the assurance of it now. I trust, therefore, that the certainty of its continuance, in all its primitive fervency, will be better suggested by your own feelings, than by any expressions I can adduce. I anticipate your question respecting the necessity of the above remark, and hasten to reply to it; hoping that my advice will be favourably received, and that my judgement will have the same influence over the impetuosity of my young friend, that it has ever possessed. The reason why I premise this epistle with a doubt relative to your opinion of the sincerity and purity of my friendship, I will explain. You have recently acquired a restlessness and impatience that appear inimical to the restraint which friendship would impose on its object, when it beholds that object disposed to give a loose rein to the career of passion and folly. Your letters of late convey a meaning too palpable to be misunderstood, and tell me, that the remonstrances of an over-anxious esteem are becoming irksome; implying a careless indifference respecting their intention, or a belief of falsehood in the writer; else, why reject the counsel that would preserve your heart from the certain danger which ultimately must result from an uncontrouled

indulgence of your feelings? or, if you adopt the medicine which conveys health to the diseased mind, why tempt again the malignity of an infected sphere, by exposing yourself to its effect, and counteracting the wholesome consequences of a strict adherence to those rules by which the germ of evil is annihilated, or the growing form of vice checked and subdued? Can you admit the idea, that to enjoy happiness is to court novelty? Weak youth; it is a supposititious phantom, formed by optical agency, that communicates a transient pleasure to the fancy, but touches not the heart. The heart, believe me, requires more solid nutriment than that upon which the eye is fed. The monotonous *Campania* conveys the pleasing sensation of gratified curiosity but once; nor can the bold sweeping outline of the *Rhætian Alps* impress a mind unstable as yours with the satisfaction of a *first* view in an after prospect. In the wild distempered wanderings of your heated imagination, has it never crossed the sober path of reason? Never dwelt upon the melody of truth, whose lay informs the wanderer, that happiness exists at home? Never listened to the voice of memory, that oft rehearses to the straying breast affecting tales of native pleasures that are past, and blends her narrative with tears for absent friendship? Should you deny this, I grieve to reflect how far beneath the standard of your former self you must have declined. If you acknowledge it, the guilt will seem accumulated, as the heart which is alive to such pleasurable dictates, is doubly criminal in not acting from them. You are losing your best energies among the perplexing intersections of superficial pleasures; your resolutions are broken by every new fortuitous plan that intrudes. Your susceptibility, I fear, is neither more nor less than an affected custom, with which your mind, from association, has become familiarized. Shame on you, Albert, to surrender your noble mind to the fetters of sickly conceit! That plea which urges man to relieve his fellow (independent of other innumerable motives), would alone in-

duce me to banish the ceremony of a flatterer, and exercise the severer functions of a genuine friend. I have assumed the censor so long, and frequently, that my custom of reprehension has taken a tone of authority, and now *commands* an observance that was only solicited before. It is the hope of perceiving your bosom welcome sincerity for its own sake, for the unlovely and rough garb in which it is clad, that impels me to apply a salutary caustic. If a thorn pierce the foot of my fellow way-farer, rather let his present maledictions fall upon me whilst I pluck it out at once, than his lingering curses whilst I seek a surgeon. I know your heart; there are many virtues in it, many noble traits; much to be commended, more to be beloved. Restrain, my young friend, your activity in adopting opinions, however consonant they may be with your own sentiments. Separate with calmness, and analyze with strict accuracy, every latent incitement, and pursue the possible progress of its effects, however distant, however intricate. Seek to discriminate, in the task of duty, between the sudden idea that prompts romantic munificence, and the slow sentiment of cautious justice. The former degenerates into the profusion of folly; the latter assumes the liberality of charity, to the world's observation, without its expence. The lapse of five years has so altered your former associate, Katherine, that you would find it difficult to recognize the little volatile girl in the beauty of the woman, glowing in maturity of elegance, grace, and virtue. Her recollection seems excessively tenacious in all that relates to my friend; and her frequent enquiries prove the strong impression your presence has made. Your father, the venerable Colonel, is in health. Your late brilliant affair has renewed his spirits, and he talks of little, save his Albert's bravery, the universal theme. I would praise you *justly*. Flattery is not the intention of

COHENBERG.

LETTER II.

ALBERT TO ULRIC.

——, ——.

WHILST my heart endures the severity of your strictures, it acknowledges, with additional pain, the justness of them; and, with an earnest desire for the continuance of your correspondance, experiences a new anxiety and dread from the perusal. It is requisite that the soul which is susceptible of error should be made acquainted with its pernicious tendency, and compelled to accept the shield of fortitude from the hand of friendship, to combat the Hydra-headed monster vice. But yet I perceive nothing so superlatively culpable in my thoughts, or actions, as to provoke animadversion so unqualified. You dwell much, my dear friend, too much, upon those errors originating alone in the weak system of nature. I confess the passions have a predominant controul over my senses, that occasions, and doubtless will be productive of serious injury to myself; but the imputation of folly, which the consequences of such an usurpation often incurs, cannot attach to wilful, habitual, or accidental inclination to err; but is derived solely from an inherent propensity to submit implicitly to the resistless force of the mind's warmer temperature. Let the phlegmatic bosom of stoicism contemplate, in frigid calmness, the just variety of pleasures and regrets that Providence has mingled with life's beverage. I would not exchange the thrill of transport which accompanies a pleasurable idea, or the melancholy anguish that attends the one of sorrow, for sullen indifference, were the golden product of Peru offered as the equivalent. You will class this sentiment with the absurd and romantic; be it so; 'tis an absurdity of the *heart*, the romance of *truth;* as such, it must always claim a governing principle over my conduct. My dear friend, you are, believe me, the most unfit adviser in

the universe, to the sanguine mind of juvenile sensibility; your mental perceptions are not endowed with that refinement of feeling, which marks so decisively the distinguishing difference between the most minute sensations, and lends a consequence to every latent motion of the soul, which common and ordinary minds would overlook, or deem it of too little import to excite the trouble of analyzation. It is this capability of discovering traits in each other's nature, inaccessible to uninterested spectators, that forms the chief feature of friendship's true votaries: by congeniality we are taught to respect; for every virtue we possess we must admire in another. True it is, that admiration is productive of a wish to *acquire* a similar portion of the sentiment we *bestow*, which generates an amalgamation of mind with mind, and virtue with virtue, until the spirit of emulation creates that refined purity of affection, constituting the consummation of real happiness, the certain result of mutual efforts to obtain the supremacy of goodness. You must not think these sentiments a presumptuous opposition of youthful self-elation to accurate experience, and more matured opinions, but the earnest endeavours of a faulty being, continually erring, or repenting his errors, to propitiate the judge he cannot elude, and soften the sentence he cannot evade. Weigh not, therefore, my offences in the scale of rigid justice. You will not; you are my friend; and friendship, while it inflicts a necessary wound upon the feelings, averts its face to hide the pitying tear, and administers an instant balsam. My gratitude for your advice, my affection for your virtue, and my admiration of your ability, is commensurate to your esteem for me, and by that criterion can best be estimated. You have said, "Flattery is not *your* intention;" you will consequently give me the privilege of your own assertion. It is at best but a mean vice, and persons who do not *feel* the praise they *lavish*, too frequently confound the error of flattery with the just tribute paid by modesty to merit. I could expatiate on the *virtues* of mankind for ever, did

the narrow limits of language furnish words to give an adequate sense of ideas. How lamentably deficient is the word that is to convey an idea of the magnitude of mind, the force of friendship, or the emotions of gratitude. Never do I more acutely feel the truism, than when addressing Cohenberg. But I must cease to dwell upon the mild attributes of domestic peace, and commence the ruder task of delineating the harsh features of destructive warfare. I must begin a theme to which each other subject gives precedence here,—'tis *victory!* a name whose magic sound, though deafened by the shriek of dying nature, was sure the master-work of some inventive sybil, whose prophetic lips endowed it with a perpetual charm, to elevate the spirit of a lifeless form. Every vein swells with renewed vigour, and the heart's pulse beats with treble quickness. Although the brave, the politic, but ambitious *Frederic** was our antagonist (an enemy, you will exclaim, terrible in fight, fertile in expedients to turn the tide of battle when overwhelmed, and high on the records of fame); yet has the heroic *Daun*,† by as masterly a manœuvre as ever graced the military annals of *Prussia*, become master of the field, after five hours severe fighting. Austria may triumph, and the village of ——— be inserted in the page of history with *Pharsalia*. The broken force of *Frederic* has retired, and some time must elapse before he can again take the field with an effective army. My promotion to the rank of Colonel is a reward much too munificent for the trifling service I have rendered my country and the generous *Theresa*.‡ I have obtained leave of absence, to express my personal gratitude to her Majesty. I have written to my father; therefore expect soon to behold

ALBERT.

(To be continued.)

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* The Great Frederic. † Marshal of Austria.

‡ Empress Queen of Austria.

THE INCOGNITA.

"I like a story in print, because I'm sure 'tis true."

SHAKSPEARE.

As Sir George Wildair was footing down—"I'll go no more to your town," with a vivacious and flexible step, inspired by the joy of his lovely partner, and assisted by the last bottle of champagne he had drank at Escudier's, his eyes frequently wandered from the brilliant dazzlers of Lady Caroline, which appeared through the mask of a gypsey, to gaze on a form of perfect symmetry, which he ever and anon caught a glympse of, as the figure occasionally *set* to him, and vanished in lead *outside*, or *chain* poussette. At length, he was fortunate at *hands across* to touch those of the fascinating Incognita, which he involuntarily pressed; but he soon lost her in the finishing of the figure, and could procure a distant view of her at the bottom of the dance. It was impossible to quit his partner, to whom of a sudden he became grossly inattentive; and had she not clapped her hand for a *chaussée*, he would probably have forgotten Lady Caroline entirely; to whose plenitude of charms he had been an humble adorer during the *souper*. The dance being concluded, he was released from an office which became painful to him; and, under pretence of seeking for an ice to recruit the strength, and cool the bosom in which a little jealousy rankled; he left Lady Caroline in search of his fair Incognita. He wandered from room to room in search of his divinity, but in vain; the fumes of Champagne had evaporated, the sensation of violent joy had subsided into depression and fatigue; the fair Incognita was still present to his imagination, and he felt inwardly distressed that he could not again behold her. "Abominable foolery!" he exclaimed, as he was returning to the company; he

heard the sounds preparative to another dance commencing; he saw the glare of lights at a distance, and in hastening forward, he turned to the right, instead of the left hand, and found himself in a fantastical *boudoir*, fitted up in what the upholsterer called the gothic style, with a window at the end of painted glass, and gothic indeed was its true designation. In this oratory, for such it was termed, as some tired, or half inebriated, sons of pleasure were lounging on the couches, his eyes were directed to a recess, where he beheld seated, and apparently overcome with fatigue, the object of his search: a man who sat behind her, was fanning her with her mask, while the smile which played in her face, shewed how grateful was the breeze she inhaled. At this instant, her companion arose at her request, he threw open the painted lattice, and while the air visited and recovered the elasticy of her nerves, she exclaimed—

Come, gentle airs; sweet Aura, come away.

Sir George Wildair wrapped his cloke around him, and concealing his face with his mask, gazed on the beautiful stranger: he beheld one of the finest countenances that was ever formed by nature; her forehead, which the current of air, parting her flaxen curls in front, shewed, was of the most delicate whiteness; an eye of heavenly blue lit up a countenance of angelic sweetness, while the most lovely of ruby lips never separated but to display teeth of ivory, or closed but with a smile of fascination. Angel goddess, or by what other name shall I call thee? Sir George aspirated to himself, and then cursed the intruder whose proffered services seemed not disagreeable to her; whose judgement ought certainly, he thought, to have owned his more manly beauty. He was about to form some excuse to address her; but, in making an essay to compliment her face, she replaced her mask: he was about to address her, when some one struck him on the shoulder, and, in the tone of Braham, sung—

"Is it for love, is it for woe?
"Love is not joy, sweet maid."

Why, Sir George, continued the familiar,—what part art thou studying now? If to stand like the Apollo of Belvidere, I like your drapery; but, by the bend in thy head, I should rather suppose thou wert trying to imitate the Venus de Medici; you look the character.———Sir George affected to laugh at his friend's wit; and trying a careless air, demanded of Sir William Skippington "the name of the charming girl who was sitting in the niche with a man, in a scarlet domino." Sir William was to *be hung*, if he knew; and winding round his friend, while telling some uncommon good joke that happened to a particular intimate friend of his, prevented Sir George at every turn from beholding the star of attraction; and when the story was finished, Sir George's eyes returned to view his charmer once more; but the lady, unused to such impenetrable admiration, had withdrawn; and left our *inamorato* to pursue his cogitations. In vain he enquired of the lady who gave the entertainment, who the lovely creature was; in vain he solicited information from the servants to know to whose party she belonged; she was fled; and Sir George left Grosvenor-square, to use his own phrase, in a horrid ill humour. He threw himself into a chair, and retired mechanically to rest; but the thoughts of his fair Incognita destroyed his repose: at times he resolved to forget her; but while he was making this determination, some inexpressible grace, or some musical sentence, treasured up, wrought upon his fancy, and kept him waking. Some slight dozing visited him; but still her image swam before his eyes. An angelic smile interrupted his slumbers; he arose unrefreshed to recommence his search; but in vain. Months thus glided away in fruitless enquiry; still the form of the fair Incognita was fixed indelibly on his heart; he flew to wine, but wine proved no Lethean draught for him; it only begat impatience and despair. He mixed in all

pleasurable parties, and haunted every place of fashionable amusement; he fled with the migratory birds of fashion to watering places, hotter and more dissipated than London itself; he visited rustic breakfasts; which Pan laughed to scorn; he danced with shepherdesses in rouge and white lead; and walked with peasants as fine as those in a pastoral ballet; yet, alas! no Incognita blessed his sight. At length, harrassed with solicitude, and weary of wandering from place to place without success, he resolved to accept the invitation of his old college chum, Ned Delmore, to a shooting party at his seat in Norfolk, under the hope that the pleasures of the field, combined with his hospitality, would restore his unsettled mind. His man Martin was accordingly dispatched to Nock's for his gun; and, on the 28th of August, his Tilbury started from Bury-street, accompanied with Belisario and Peggy *à la tandem*, while Pero was sulkily suspended in the basket beneath.

Nothing particular occurred worth reciting, except that on the road to the town of Thetford, while Sir George was practising on the horn, Martin drove him against a waggon, and *spilt* his master. Johnny Raw was eloquent, Martin was warm, Sir George insisting on his servant's licking the fellow; Martin was an adept; he put in a hit that *doubled* the countryman, and drove the *conceit* out of him; upon which they pursued their journey.

On his arrival at Delmore Hall, Sir George was most affectionately received by his friend Ned. His table was elegant and profuse; and at his friend's, Sir George daily exceeded his usual quantity of wine, in drinking bumpers to the health of his fair Incognita.

One evening, when the bottle had circulated very freely, and they were joining the ladies; on entering the drawing-room, Sir George saw, as well as two bottles out of the *right bin* would let him, the object of his incessant search; he rubbed his eyes, his heart beat, and, to use his own expression, "the phantom completely sobered

him."—To draw a long story towards conclusion, Sir George was soon convinced it was the same person, and was agreeably surprised to find her the Rector's daughter, a man of property and worth; his passion was violent before he knew her condition; why should it not now increase? Philosophers have said, that man is a perverse animal; Sir George must feel a certain sensation that he could not describe; in his quaint mode of expression, he called it a *damper*. Lavinia Lavenbrook, however, was a charming girl; and Sir George, although stimulated more by the love he *had* borne for her than the affection he now really possessed, offered her marriage; accordingly the day was fixed, and the bride's maids invited to assist at the ceremony. "Hasten to me, my love," wrote Lavinia to her sister; "assist me with your counsel; you delight me with your presence, and teach me to lose my liberty without regret."

Sir George was in high spirits the morning of his union; the breakfast was delayed; for Louisa Lavenbrook had not yet arrived; she now entered the room; she ran to embrace her friends, while Sir George reeled against his chair, and sunk senseless on the floor.

Matters now assumed a very serious aspect; Sir George remained for a time in a state of insensibility; the gentle Lavinia was involved in much distress; at length, being restored to himself, he addressed her to the following effect.

"You see before you one of the most wretched of men. At the Masquerade given by my Lady Bluemantle, my heart first owned a passion for the most lovely of women; I sought her twelve months with peculiar anxiety; during which time, until now, her resemblance never blessed my sight. Dearest Lavinia, in your person I recognized those charms that I thirsted to possess; had your sister never appeared, you would doubtless have experienced my entire regard; but I have been mistaken; this unfortunate resemblance to her has rent my heart in

twain; but do with me as you please; if you can accept the man without his affections, I am your's.———He paused; the pride of Lavinia forbad such a union, and they separated with expressions of mutual esteem. In the end time performed wonders; Sir George quitted Norfolk for London; where, addressing Lonisa Lavenbrook with all his wonted ardour, she became his wife; leaving the mother of Lavinia, in boasting of such beautiful twins, only to regret that the attractions of one child have been to the other the cause of no trivial disappointment. C.

Peter the Great, wishing to have the Universal History of Puffendorf in his own language, committed the translation of it to a monk, who applied himself with such diligence to the work, that he did not leave it until it was finished. In order, however, to make his court to the Czar, when he came to those parts in which the author gives an unflattering, but perhaps a faithful description of Muscovy, its inhabitants, and sovereigns, he either softened them, or suppressed them altogether. As soon as this translation was finished, he came to present it to Peter, and, placing himself in an antichamber, waited until the Czar passed, who no sooner perceived him, than he went up to him, saying, "What, have you finished already? I give you great credit for being so expeditious; let us see your manuscript," The monk humbly delivered it to him, and the Czar, after glancing his eye over it, passed to the article which treated of Russia. But he could no longer recognize the original; he saw that many facts were modified, others mutilated, and others entirely suppressed. His countenance altered, and casting upon the monk a severe look, he called him, and returned him his book, saying, "Translate this history as I ordered you, word for word, without making any alterations whatever." By such traits as these, we discover the truly great man, superior to flattery, and worthy of hearing the truth.

HARRIET;

OR, THE NOVICE;

A CAUTIONARY TALE, FOUNDED UPON FACTS.

Continued from page 152.

CHAP. V.

The Danger of having our own Way, and Reflections on first Love.

THOUGH Petersham in some measure entertained criminal ideas with regard to Harriet, not a night passed, after parting from her, but he formed a resolution never to see her again. But, alas! when the next morning came, again would he find himself at Lady Carruthers. Such was the regard that Harriet bore for *him*, that it became quite notorious. When he was absent, she was all dejection; but no sooner did he enter a room where she was, than her joy became so visible, that it was remarked by the most indifferent observer. The *tabbies* who visited at the house of her hostess, spread it abroad. Scandal unfurled her sooty flag; and wherever Petersham visited, he was eternally *quizzed* about Miss Seabright. At length, even her Ladyship thought it necessary to hint to her young friend, what, indeed, every body suspected. "It gives me great pain, my *dear* Harriet," said she, affecting the manners of a parent, "to see, that your regard for Petersham causes you to get the better of your prudence. Ah! my dear *protegée*, when once a man finds a female like you in his power, away goes all her independence;—but probably I wrong you," added she, seeing Harriet deeply confused at this sudden attack; "and I impute to

badinage and a love of conquest, which we all possess, what some people have an idea is a particular regard. Is it so?" continued she, as she took Harriet's hand, while our heroine's eyes were fixed upon the carpet. "If the latter only, my dear friend, do not indulge it in so great a degree, lest it should become more than a little *innocent dissimulation.* Men are like birds of prey; they at first assail us tenderly with flattery, promises, and protestations, which they never fail to forget; ought we not, therefore, to use the weapons with which nature has abundantly furnished us, to foil them in turn? I have heard much good resulting from candour; but rest assured it is a visionary idea, never shewn to man, but invariably abused."

Lady Carruthers continued for some time addressing Harriet with these mischievous and pernicious precepts, till her hearer, who had not interrupted her, became now fully acquainted with her desperate situation, and burst into a flood of tears. Alarmed at the agitation of her friend, her Ladyship conjured her to explain the cause; when Harriet confessed, what, till now, she scarcely knew herself; and Lady Carruthers found, that the poor girl loved Petersham with all the romantic fervor of a girl just let loose from the trammels of a boarding-school. "Oh! pardon me, my dear Lady Carruthers," continued this poor child, sobbing violently, "when I say, that, had I millions, I should think myself but too happy by laying them at his feet. I have no ambitious views——with Petersham; but, alas! I have no fortune, and he will despise and detest me." Here she became so much affected, as to be incapable of proceeding. "*No ambitious views!*" repeated her Ladyship. "Ah! my dear Harriet, I see you are far gone indeed; the old story, love in a cottage; poor girl, thou little knowest man's ingratitude, and the effect poverty has upon his temper; the maxim sounds very well in theory; but trust me, my dear Harriet, it never will answer in practice. Recollect, *I* have seen many *more*

years than you have. Suppose, for a moment, that Petersham has a particular regard for you; which is a chance, if he feels more for you than he would for any other pleasant girl"——Here Harriet regained sufficient courage to say, "She was sure he had a *real* regard for her." "Be not deceived," continued her hostess; "vanity makes us but too frequently believe what we wish."—We know not where her Ladyship stumbled on this remark; but to return—"Suppose he does; with his pay, could you support yourselves?—No!" "But, my dear lady," interrupted Harriet, warmly, and willing to catch at any hope,—"but we could wait; he would—he would get promotion;—beside," added she, eagerly, "some of our relations, in time, perhaps, would die." "Tolerably considerate of you, Harriet," continued her Ladyship. "Love has, I find, already done wonders for you; it makes you deaf to every remonstrance. I would advise you to give him up; call *reason* to your aid, and forget him."—Forget him!—forget Petersham!—the very words seemed to annihilate her; she relapsed, and sobbed as though her little heart would burst its boundaries. The complaisant Lady Carruthers, seeing her so much affected, gave a different turn to the conversation. "To be sure," said she, "it is difficult to forget a man, *after we have set our minds upon him.* I was just such a *foolish innocent* girl as yourself, when my poor dear Lord fell in love with me; for, though he was a Lord, my papa would never give his consent; but *I* was determined to have him; and I verily believe, if he had disappointed me in my wish of being carried off from school, I really think I should have killed myself with vexation. Not that I was ever to say in love; for I believe, if my *dear papa* had not so strongly opposed my wishes, I should have remained a spinster till now. I never would be thwarted;—and then, to be sure, Lord Carruthers had a considerable fortune,—and a title;——so, come, come," added she, seeing Harriet almost inconsolable, "cheer up; something may yet be done.

Petersham, though poor himself, *has* rich relations; they cannot, as you say, live for ever; some of their money he must have; therefore, moderate these violent emotions, and do as I have ever done, trust *all* to chance; in the mean time, I will engage him here as frequently as I can; only moderate your transports before company." "Ah! my dear Lady Carruthers," ejaculated Harriet, throwing herself into the arms of her officious friend, to hide the blushes that crimsoned her cheeks, and bathing her hands with tears; "you are, indeed, too, too good. Why did you stab your poor friend with those cruel doubts you just before uttered?—I shall, then, see my Petersham again; and for the rest I care not; we will leave all to fortune." So natural is it for us to grasp at a present good, without thinking of future consequences; can we, then, wonder at Harriet, novice as she was, betraying such violence of feeling, ready now to adore Lady Carruthers for her very wrong and inconsiderate conduct. Her Ladyship ought to have informed Mrs. Seabright of this affair, that her daughter might have returned to school; where, debarred from seeing the object so fatal to her peace, by attention to its duties, she would soon have recovered her wonted serenity. How many females there are, who have thus been sacrificed to a premature passion, whose likes and dislikes were equally void of proper foundation! for where is the young lady who, arrived at an age when the amusements of childhood become irksome, but has fallen *desperately* in love, perhaps at first sight; and, although the object of that passion be ever so unworthy, has not been rashly determined to follow her headstrong inclinations, to the frequent entailment of everlasting misery on herself and relatives? Happy, thrice happy, they who have been restrained from such conduct! who can now look with apathy upon the *ignis fatuus* that would have deluded them, and bless the time when the dictates of reason curbed their wild propensities! Harriet, now recovered from her grief, could only kiss and thank

her dear Lady Carruthers: her face became once more bedewed with tears; but they were tears of joy; and she forgot, in the pleasure of the moment, in what manner Petersham would be received by her mother; that the following week she should be obliged to return to school; or, that he she adored, were he truly constant, might be compelled to join his regiment in Portugal, and that she would never, perhaps, see him again.

Thus do we all build upon the speculations of the moment, upon the sandy foundation of our own wishes; and though our aerial schemes are daily demolished; yet, like children who repair their card-built mansions, we renew our pleasurable pursuits: the painted bubble still eludes our grasp; and we are left a prey to that disappointment, for which, by being over sanguine, we have none to blame but ourselves.

(To be continued.)

GELLERT, THE FABULIST.

To a mind of sensibility, the approbation of the virtuous is no less flattering than the commendation of the learned. In the beginning of winter, as Gellert was sitting in his study, a peasant of Saxony stopped at his door with a cart-load of wood, and enquired if this was not the house of the gentleman who wrote such excellent fables? Being answered in the affirmative, the peasant, with many excuses for the liberty he had taken, entreated the Professor to accept the fuel he had brought him, as a small testimony of his gratitude for the pleasure he had received in reading his fables. There are beauties in the works of good writers, which, without studying Aristotle, every one can feel; and Gellert was more delighted by an eulogium so *naïf*, than affected by the observations of certain French critics, who, smitten with the sprightliness of *La Fontaine*, had presumed to undervalue his performances.

THE BUSY BODY.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES ON MARRIAGE.

Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find;
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.

GOLDSMITH.

Experience has proved, that Marriages formed from mutual affection and rational motives are the greatest sources of individual happiness and public welfare; but, on the contrary, those contracted from interested views, without regard to discretion, or attachment, are generally productive of much uneasiness to the parties, and consequently injurious to the good of society.

As the wife in unfortunate matrimonial connexions is commonly the greater sufferer, and as a woman's importance and comfort in life must be derived from marriage; it behoves her to be particularly circumspect in entering into a union which may either confer lasting happiness, or misery. The customs and usages of the world have denied to the female sex the privilege of making any direct proposal; but nature has gifted that most lovely and amiable part of the creation with charms which, when unsophisticated by the meretricious embellishments too much copied from our Gallic neighbours, must ever maintain over the other sex an influence founded on natural and moral principles. Indeed I have heard it asserted by persons of sense and experience, that "a woman may generally marry the man on whom she has placed her affections;" that this is frequently true, I allow; though I am not prepared to consider it as a general rule. Without however entering into discussion on this point, I shall proceed to

lay before my fair readers some advice on the selection, or rather approbation of a husband.

Few conclusions, generally speaking, ought to be drawn from the external appearance and common conversation of men. The rules of politeness will not permit a gentleman to contradict a lady in genteel company, and the ordinary topics of conversation afford little possibility of ascertaining the real sentiments of the heart, or the extent of the understanding. Tom Trifle is one of those characters who, with slight reading and slender abilities, contrives, by good spirits, good manners, and a liveliness of discourse, to appear among the ladies a clever, pleasant fellow; whereas Sam Steady, possessing infinitely more knowledge and real worth, from an insurmountable diffidence, and the want of an easy address, is ridiculed for his formality, or considered, at best, in the light of a good sort of man.

Persons of the first description are very common in society, and often impose upon their company. The sentiments they utter, and the incidents they describe, impress their hearers at the moment with the most favourable ideas; but on sifting their characters, and reflecting seriously upon their discourse, we frequently find that the acquirements which delighted us consisted chiefly in a happy talent at satire and embellishment. Dick Random is reckoned one of the most entertaining beings upon earth; no person can more readily promote a laugh, nor tell a story with more effect; but in the vehemence of his details, he takes constantly such a liberty with truth, that the best authenticated facts are at times considered fables, as issuing from his lips. But the characters most to be avoided are men of pleasure, professedly such of every denomination. Their ill habits and dangerous pursuits are destructive of fortune and domestic peace. Intemperance is the companion of indiscretion, and deprives us of the most noble of our faculties. Excessive gaming is no less baneful to connubial happiness; inasmuch as, if

followed with success, it leads to folly and extravagance, and repeated losses sour the temper, and corrupt the heart. And though it has been asserted, that a reformed rake makes a good husband, experience daily proves the fallacy of such an axiom, and that those who have hazarded the experiment have frequently repented of their credulity.

Observation also teaches us, that men of unsettled dispositions, who are the slaves of fashion and dissipation, are but little calculated to promote matrimonial felicity; the thirst for noisy pleasures, or idle amusements, is the barren happiness of thoughtless minds, who imagine, that in drowning life consists its enjoyment: and vanity, when indulged, is not only the concomitant of folly, but productive in the end of trouble and vexation.

A great disparity of ages, fortunes, and situations in life, seldom conduce to happiness. A worthy and experienced father gave his three sons this advice—"Marry, if possible, a woman rather younger than yourself, and as nearly of the same rank in life; but at any rate let there not be too great a difference of years; young and old rarely agree together. With regard to fortune, the more equal the better; if your wife brings you a large dower, she will expect to spend it; if she brings you none, you must fare the worse, and you will perhaps be inclined sometimes to check her for it." From this advice, though not strictly addressed to the female sex, useful inferences may be drawn, and circumstances will justify some deviations from it.

But above all, connexions formed entirely from interested motives, and where no attachment exists, should be avoided. I scarcely ever saw a match contracted under these circumstances, where there appeared even the semblance of happiness. I know it is but too much the custom with well meaning friends and relations to bring young people together, in order to make an advantageous match, as they term it; and by telling both parties separately that each is in love with the other, they induce

them to marry; marriages of this kind sometimes turn out tolerably well; but most frequently there is that want of attachment and feeling so requisite to ensure the permanence of domestic comfort. I shall conclude by recommending to my fair readers to store their minds with domestic, useful, and entertaining knowledge; and to practise that government of the temper and inclinations so essential to conjugal felicity; these acquirements will be a lasting source of delight to themselves, and will render them more amiable in the sight of those who are best calculated to make affectionate and prudent husbands.

SENEX.

ON HUMAN IMPERFECTION.

There are none so perfect as not to have their peculiar weaknesses and failings. These are differently regarded in the world as the dispositions and understandings of men differ. The errors of another are pitied by the wise and generous; their own are the sport and merriment of the foolish and the wicked.

X.

NOBLE SENTIMENT.

The magnanimity and devotion of Henry III. King of Castille, to the welfare of his subjects, cannot be sufficiently extolled. Being pressed by his ministers to impose a duty upon property, in order to redeem his revenue, which had been pledged for four millions of maravedis, he replied, "That he could not listen to such counsel, because he dreaded infinitely more the tears and maledictions of his people than the arms of his enemies."

THE GOSSIPER.

NO. XXVII.

"There often wanders one whom better days
Saw better clad."

COWPER.

SIR,

That a nation, whose attention to the wants of human nature, and whose endowments for every species of misery are unexampled in other countries, should, while they are alleviating distress, ridicule the sufferer, is a position so paradoxical, as to require only a knowledge of its existence to impress it as a truth. How far the indecencies of the drunkard, both male and female, may be corrected by popular clamour, or juvenile castigation, it is not my intention to ascertain; but that the driveller, the deformed, or the maniac, should become the sport of a tumultuous rabble, reflects a disgrace upon our want of compassion, which all our pretensions to philanthropy cannot palliate nor remove. I was thrown into these reflections from a circumstance which occurred the other day in the Strand, which called forth all my exertions; and I am happy to say, that the effect it produced on myself was not altogether useless to others.

A figure of a man, rather stout, and about the age of thirty-five, was walking on the pavement with a singular kind of pace, not indeed a walk, but a sort of slow shuffle: his face appeared to me as if it had once been handsome; his eyes were dark and sparkling, and he directed them forward without intermission, even when the rude and insensible concourse drove each other against

him, and he was forced to have recourse to his stick, in order to preserve his equilibrium. He walked extremely upright: his hat was somewhat drawn over his eyes; his upper lip covered with mustachios; a sort of horseman's great coat, buttoned close to his throat, covered the whole of his body: he moved on three or four steps, and then stopt, without regarding the din that fifty urchin tongues, and as many old women (who railed at him for a hypocrite), had excited, except by bending his brows, and making a sort of convulsive twitch with his fingers; his face then assumed a strange sort of smile, and he proceeded through the mob that seemed disposed to oppose him, but which his steadiness not a little disconcerted. "Are not these people ashamed of themselves?" I exclaimed to a woman standing near me, with a child in her arms, who appeared more compassionate than the rest,—"are they not ashamed of themselves, to annoy a poor fellow so harmless as he looks to be, who does not even by his resistance offer a fresh cause for mirth or indignation? If he be an impostor, the imposition can only affect himself; for it appears he neither makes a demand upon your pocket, nor your credulity; he seems only solicitous to pass on unnoticed." As I bore the semblance of respectability, some of his less-active pursuers listened to what I was saying; the object of my commiseration still went on, and many of his followers dropping from him, alternately retraced their steps towards me; mean time, the exclamation so pleasing to an Englishman, of "What's the matter?" indicated, that in me they had acquired a fresh object of admiration; but, finding the man had escaped, that I had diverted their attention, and broken the chain of their amusement, I left them, at the invitation of a civil tobacconist, to their cogitations. Having entered his shop, and desired him to weigh me an ounce of his best *macabaw*, I seated myself upon a stool. "Poor fellow," said the tobacconist, as he dexterously enveloped

my snuff; "they often use him very ill, though he is perfectly harmless. Poor Tom (for that, sir, is his name,) I perfectly remember as likely a young fellow as ever woman clapt her eyes on; he lost his intellects, sir, by the rascality of a great man. His sister Maria was as handsome a girl as he is a man. Lord Sinwell saw her, and, employing his usual insinuations, she was ruined, and decoyed from home: for four years, all the advertisements were of no avail. Tom doated upon his sister, and possessed a high spirit of honour; but neither she nor her seducer could be found. Returning, at length, one day, from Somerset-House, where he held a situation of high trust and great emolument, he recognized his sister in the lowest stage of infamy. Maddened to excess at beholding such a wreck of beauty and virtue, he forced her into a coach, and charged her to unfold the name and the residence of her paramour. Upon some disagreement, she had left him, long since, in Italy. Her mind, by dissipation, was too much contaminated to accept the offers of domestic comfort under her brother's roof. Unsatisfied revenge, and family pride, worked up such a frenzy within him, that he was discharged with a pension from his employ; afterwards he was put in a mad-house, and the horror which he appears to experience when this place is mentioned, indicates that he has been ill used there. He has just enough left to support himself, and, as he is perperfectly harmless, he is suffered to walk about, but not, sir, as you have seen, unmolested. He will often, it is said, get up in the middle of the night, and insist on walking out in the street. His great coat he wears even in the hottest part of the summer. He is generally with a smile on his countenance, often talks to himself, and, when he stops short, he is fearful of falling into a chasm. If you ask him how he does, he answers, "Very well, if it were not for these cursed chasms." And in reply to the questions respecting the health of his father and mother, who are living, he says, incoherently, "Yes, yes—all's

well;—but—yet, never mind—for it's right and wrong all the world over."

Requesting that you will give this recital a place in your paper, from a persuasion that it will excite considerable interest in the minds of your readers, and may probably be the means of dissuading the young and inconsiderate from pursuing a line of conduct so outrageous to humanity,

I am, Mr. Gossiper,
Your humble servant,
C.

MONTESQUIEU.

Montesquieu says, "Study has been my sovereign remedy for all the calamities of life that have fallen to my lot. An hour's attentive reading has blunted the edge of the most acute sorrow with which I was ever afflicted, and made me smile at disappointments that at first affected me deeply. None can ever be truly contemptible, except those who have formed, and live in bad connexions. A man of sense and virtue, whatever may be his situation in life, is a valuable companion."

Mademoiselle Clairon and Voltaire.

The first visit this celebrated actress paid Voltaire, she threw herself at his feet, exclaiming, in the words of Amenaide, "Oh, my protecting God!" Voltaire, somewhat astonished, fell on his knees before her, and said, gravely, "Now that we are both on a level, how are you?"

ANECDOTES
OF DISTINGUISHED FEMALES

NO. VII.

THE COUNTESS AMELIE DE BIEVRE.

In matters of difficulty, it is no inconsiderable talent to be able to extricate one's self with address. The Countess d'Anvers being desirous of a country house near the Bois de Boulogne, took a fancy to a beautiful seat at Auteuil, belonging to the Marchioness de Bievre, who occupied it with her daughter, the Countess Amelia. The Countess d'Anvers wrote a note to Madame de Bievre, containing a proposition either to purchase the estate, or to become a yearly tenant, at her pleasure. The Marchioness de Bievre was much attached to the spot, and her daughter, whose health was very delicate, infinitely more so. The Marchioness, however, did not know how to release herself from this embarrassment, without giving offence to a person possessing so much influence as the Countess. At length, the Countess Amelia undertook the task of replying to her letter. To this effect, she sent the Countess the ten following verses, from the third scene of the second act of *Britannicá*, a tragedy, by Racine; making, at the same time, the necessary alterations, in order that the lines might apply to the circumstances of the case.

" Tout ce que vous voyez conspire à vos desirs;
Vos jours toujours sereins coulent dans les plaisirs.
La cour en est pour vous l'inépuisable source;
Où, si quelque chagrin en interrompt la course,
Tout Versailles soigneux de les entretenir,
S'empresse à l'effacer de votre souvenir.

Mon *Amélie* est seule: en l'ennui qui la presse
Elle ne voit qu' *Auteuil* et moi qui l'interesse,
Et n'a pour tout plaisir, que ces bois, que ces fleurs,
Qui savent quelquefois adoucir ses douleurs."

THE PRINCESS ADELAIDE.

The following trait, among others that might be cited, exhibits the character of this lady in a very favourable light. This amiable princess, the aunt of the lamented Louis XVI. being with Madame Victoire, at the seat of the Dutchess de Narbonne, her maid of honour, expressed a wish to see the peasants dance. To that end an order was immediately given; an emotion of joy prevailed, and the girls of the village, powdered and adorned with ribands, assembled with their sweethearts at the place appointed for the *bal champêtre*. But the most essential thing had been forgotten. At the moment they were about to open the dance, there was not a single musician. This mischance greatly disconcerted the Dutchess de Narbonne; when Madame Adelaide said with a smile, "Let me have a violin; I used formerly to play, and may possibly recollect sufficiently to amuse these good people." An instrument being immediately brought to her, the Princess seated herself among the company, to the delight and astonishment of the spectators, and played several country-dances, with no less affability than skill.

MARGARET DE VALOIS.

This Princess, first wife of Henry IV. in her Memoirs, written by herself, thus forcibly describes the effect of solitude on her mind:—"I received these two advantages from my misfortunes and my confinement:—I acquired a taste for reading, and I gave in to devotion; two things for which I never should have had the least taste, had I re-

mained amidst the pomps and the vanities of the world. For these advantages I am perhaps not so much indebted to fortune as to Providence, who had the goodness to engage for me two such powerful remedies against the evils which were to happen to me in future. Sorrow, contrary to gaiety, which carries our thoughts and our actions out of ourselves, makes the mind rally within itself, exert all its powers to reject the evil, and to seek after the good, in hope to find out that sovereign and supreme good, which is the readiest way to bring itself to the knowledge and love of the Deity."

ARINDODY.

Although we are in possession of no memoir of this distinguished Indian, it is to be presumed she was a model of female excellence, and in a particular manner distinguished for connubial fidelity. On the celebration of every marriage, the Brachman was accustomed to say to the *fiancée*, "Young girl, follow implicitly the example of Arindody, if you would insure your own happiness, or that of your husband."

HEMITHEA.

It is impossible to contemplate the conjugal fidelity of this lady without emotions of the strongest kind. This young creature, a native of Marseilles, the wife of Marsidius, a respectable citizen, had the misfortune to inspire in the bosom of a young nobleman, who had accidentally seen her at a public assembly, the most violent passion; and, seizing a favourable moment when she was alone, he endeavoured to accomplish his criminal desires. Hemithea, after a great struggle, escaped from his violence, and, throwing herself upon the sword that he carried, deprived herself of life; saying, as she expired, that she would rather suffer a thousand deaths, than prove dis-

loyal to her husband. At this moment, Marsidius returned home; and, being informed of the cause of this horrible catastrophe, in a fit of desperation, he pierced himself to the heart with the same weapon, and fell dead upon the bleeding bosom of his faithful wife. The feelings of the author of this scene of misery may be better conceived than described.

* * *

COWPER'S POEMS.

A relation of Cowper's called one evening, in the dusk, on the late Mr. Johnson, the Bookseller, in St. Paul's Church-yard, with a bundle of his (C.'s) poems, which he offered to him for publication, provided he would publish them at his own risk, and let the author have a few copies to give to his friends. Johnson perused and approved of them, and accordingly printed and published them. Soon after they had appeared before the public, there was not a review which did not load them with the most scurrilous abuse, and condemn them to the butter-shops. In consequence of the public taste being thus terrified, or misled, these charming effusions lay in a corner of the bookseller's shop, as an unsaleable pile, for a long time. Some time afterwards the same person appeared with another bundle of manuscripts from the same author, which were offered and accepted upon the same terms. In this fresh collection was the divine poem of the Task. Not alarmed at the fate of the former publication, and thoroughly assured as he was of their great merit, he resolved upon publishing them. Soon after they had appeared, the tone of the reviewers became instantly changed, and Cowper was hailed as the first poet of his age. The success of this second publication immediately set the first in motion, and Johnson reaped the fruits of his superior judgement; and Cowper's Poems enriched the publisher, when the poet was languishing under decaying circumstances.

REFLECTIONS ON LIFE AND MANNERS.

BY COUNT OXENSTIERN.

ON EDUCATION.

The education of a child resembles the culture of plants; it is a field in which the infancy of man being sown, produces afterwards fruits corresponding with its good or bad soil. The good grape which we gather with so much pleasure in Autumn, has cost much care and pains in Spring. Thus, as the good or bad conduct of a man depends principally on education, a father is obliged, according to the law of nature, to bestow all possible care, to the end that his child, during his most tender years, may imbibe the love of virtue, and avoid vice. This is easy in infancy, which, like wax, assumes every shape we please. And thus, as *consuetudo est altera natura*, virtue becomes as it were natural to man, and afterwards cannot be easily forsaken. It is the same with respect to vice, which, through the negligence, or unfortunate indulgence of parents, having once taken possession of the heart of a child, is afterwards difficult to be eradicated. As for the rest, I do not see that a parent is bound to do any thing more for his child than to give him a good education, and to assist him when he enters upon the world, to put himself in a good line to make his fortune; but after this to disquiet himself about heaping up riches, to deprive himself of his own comforts, and to burthen his conscience, in order to leave him a great estate at his death, is what I conceive to be a monstrous folly.

ON ANGER.

A man of genius has said, that altho anger be but a short madness, its effects are nevertheless long follies.

It is certain, that passion is one of the principal obstacles to tranquillity of life, and health of body; it clouds the judgement, and blinds reason; it often uses but few words to render a man unhappy for the rest of his life; it causes us to lose in a few minutes friends whom we have employed whole years in acquiring; besides it often discovers the most secret thoughts of the heart, and renders the angry man ridiculous by his extravagant threats. How many have passed the remainder of their days in vainly regretting their having for a few moments suffered themselves to be carried away by this censurable passion.

The friendship of a man subject to passion is moreover troublesome to a person of politeness, and his company is a labyrinth which we do not so easily get out of as we get into it. From anger to rage, there is but a hair's breadth, and the angry man and the idiot have the same pretensions to the madhouse.

Anger deprives a man of the use of his reason, and so blinds him, that he often does not perceive the danger he puts himself in: it stops his ears in such a manner, that he cannot listen to reason, and makes him utter words which he may have to repent of all his life.

I find that the passionate man gives every moment an advantage over him to those who seek to hurt him; and that of all those who are hated, he is the one that can be destroyed with the least difficulty. The phlegmatic man has always the advantage over the passionate man; and when they come to blows, the victory is usually on the side of the former. I have seen many examples of this, and have remarked that reason sheltering itself under the protection of cold blood, easily triumphs over anger. On the whole, of all the imperfections of human nature, Anger is the most troublesome to society, and the only one which condemns the sinner without affording him the least pleasure, so that Anger only tends to offend God, to ruin health, to lose friends, and fortune, and to give satisfaction to our enemies by reducing us to the level

of beasts. To conclude, we must allow that a brave man does not fear the fury of an angry man, and that a coward may be operated upon without so much vehemence.

IGNORANCE OF PHYSICIANS.

Alas! how is it possible that physicians should avoid mistakes? If the ablest mechanic were to attempt to remedy the irregular movements of a watch, while he remained ignorant of the structure and manner of acting of some of the principal springs, would he not be in danger of doing harm instead of good? Physicians are in the situation of such a mechanic; for although it is evident that the nerves are the organs of motion and sensation, yet their structure is not known. Some anatomists assert they are impervious chords; others, that they are slender tubes, containing a fluid. But what the nature of this fluid is, whether it serves only to nourish the nerves themselves, or is the medium by which they convey feeling and the power of motion to other parts, is not ascertained, even by those who argue for its existence; far less is it explained in what manner ideas formed within the brain, can, by the means of solid chords, or by a fluid contained in tubes, communicate motion at pleasure to the legs and arms. We are ignorant why the will, which has no influence over the motion of an animal's heart, should find the feet obedient to her dictates; and we can no more explain how a man can move one leg over the other by volition, or the mere act of willing, than how he could, by the same means, move Ossa on the Olympus. The one happens every moment; the other would be considered as a miracle; but they are equally unaccountable. While parts so infinitely essential to human life are not understood, instead of being surprised that so many diseases baffle the skill of the physician, we have more reason to be astonished that any can be alleviated or cured by his art.

THEATRICAL AMUSEMENTS.

In answer to the query whether an attendance upon Theatrical Amusements is consistent with our principles and character as Christians, I have to say, that their intention

> ——" both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure;"

and surely this cannot be incompatible with religion, which wants so lively a method of exhibiting men's errors and absurdities.

Without quoting the authority of Mr. Addison, who was a great admirer of Theatrical amusements, and who lived and died as good a man and as good a christian as ever existed, I am decidedly of opinion, that the stage, in its present state, is not only a necessary relaxation from the cares of business, but a rational amusement for an enlightened, noble, free, and industrious people; and, under certain restrictions, might become a powerful auxiliary in the cause of virtue and religion.

There are many thousands who cannot read for instruction, or if they could, have neither time nor inclination so to do; and there are likewise many who are too volatile to attend to the rigid lessons of a parental monitor, or the serious admonitions of a discourse from the pulpit; but who, in the exhibition of a moral tragedy, or sentimental comedy, can listen to instruction in the mask of pleasure.

Were the Theatre under certain regulations, we might enter it with as much propriety as we do a church, or a chapel; I mean, if licentious comedy and pantomimic buffoonery were entirely banished from it; and no performance introduced but what has a real moral effect:—by these means, virtue and vice might be represented to

the audience as each receiving their due reward; and benevolence, justice, heroism, and the propriety of moderating the passions, might be forcibly recommended to those uncultivated persons who are incapable of receiving good impressions otherwise than by lively representations, or who want inclination to give attention to instruction, unless it is presented to them in the form of a pleasing amusement.

To exemplify the truth of these remarks, I shall give a few instances of such plays as have a good moral effect, and consequently are well calculated to prepare the mind for a religious as well as a virtuous life.

Many tragedies contain loftier and more sublime language, but few are better calculated to deter the lower order of people from entering into such scenes of villany, than the tragedy of George Barnwell: illiterate minds cannot comprehend the sublime beauties of blank verse; but the simple and unaffected language of Lillo is perfectly intelligible to the lowest degree of intellect. I have not the least doubt but this play has saved many persons from an ignominious end; and, on that account, ought to be more frequently performed, however it may be despised by the *beau monde*.

Mr. Moore's tragedy of The Gamester strongly impresses upon the minds of the audience a hatred of the detestable vice of *Gaming*: the fatality which attends an adherence to this vice is most strikingly represented in the shocking catastrophe of this admirable play; and from which a good moral may be drawn.

Shakspeare's Macbeth displays a fine picture of the fate of aspiring vanity; and inculcates, that mortals should be contented to move in the sphere of life allotted them, and not aim at things beyond their reach.

In the same author's Othello, the dreadful effects of the baneful passion of *Jealousy* are pourtrayed in a bold and masterly manner; and, with nearly equal success, in *Dr. Young's* excellent tragedy of the Revenge.

The force of filial affection is beautifully delineated in Mr. Murphy's tragedy of the Grecian Daughter: the sorrows of the venerable Evander, which must affect the heart of sensibility, and the admirable display of love and regard in his amiable daughter, form a pleasing contrast, and fill the mind with agreeable, moral, and religious reflections.

As Tragedy is the most powerful engine in the Drama, for whatever purpose employed; it may not be inapplicable to conclude this subject with some remarks on its effects and probable consequences, when properly directed.

It has been affirmed by many persons, that the end of tragedy is to stifle our sensibility, and by a representation of our miseries, to inure us to fortitude; nay, I have known many persons, under this mistaken idea, who endeavoured to check their tears at the representation of a tragedy, fearful that they should be styled tender-hearted. This, however, is highly reprehensible, as well as a great piece of injustice to our feelings; for the tears which fill our eyes at the representation of fictions, are the strongest proofs of our sensibility; and to endeavour to check them, is nothing less than to blunt the edge of the best incentive to virtue. The idea that tragedy is calculated to harden our hearts is certainly ill-founded, as the following anecdote will illustrate: "Alexander, the conqueror of Persia, finding himself affected at a Theatrical representation, rose from his seat, and went away, saying, that it would be a shame for him, who felt no remorse for the miseries of his subjects, to shed tears for fictitious ones." If the compassion excited by a tragedy could inspire a tyrant with this reflection, it might by degrees have reclaimed his ferocity, and proved the happiness of a nation. Let it therefore no longer be said, that the end of tragedy is to harden us: No! let its powerful pathos stimulate and increase in us that ardour and sensibility which is the source of so many noble actions, and prepare us for sublimer scenes. When an affecting tragedy draws

tears from us for objects worthy of our tears, the tenderness it then excites does honour to humanity. * * * * *.

Imperfection of Language, and Difficulty of communicating New Ideas.

What shall we assign as the origin of language, by which things daily before the eyes of the speakers are to be described?—This question, at first simple enough, has baffled, and will continue to baffle, the ingenuity of the learned; for what natural power is there in the letters *e*, *g*, *g*, to denote an *egg*, rather than in the letters *f*, *i*, *s*, *h*, that could determine the first choice of a certain sound to describe a certain object, and no other? But if this be a difficulty in relation to objects under daily observation, and actually present, what shall we say to the still greater difficulty of describing by words to an auditor a subject which that auditor never saw, or any thing allied to it in nature and appearance, and of which, consequently, he can form no conception? When Mahine, a native of the Society Islands, was taken by Captain Cook, on board the Resolution, to the high southern latitudes which that intrepid navigator explored, he expressed in strong terms, the sense he entertained of the difficulties which he should experience in endeavouring to describe to his countrymen what he had beheld. How could he enable them to conceive a falling rain of a stony hardness? (hail) that, he said, he would call *white stones;* for how could they understand *stone rain?* Snow he would call *white rain*, for it was not *stone rain;* ice he would call *white* land; for it was not water, since it was solid, and could be walked upon. He should also have to recount the wonder of *perpetual day:* how could he expect belief among his hearers, who saw the sun set daily, when he told them that it never set where he had been; while in this very country, perpetually exposed to the solar rays, rain was a stone, water was a solid black, and showers were white and hard, not transparent and liquid as water.

FOR THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

ON POLITENESS.

THERE are many accomplishments which, though they are comparatively trivial, and may be acquired by small abilities, are yet of great importance in our common intercourse with the world. Of this kind is that general courtesy which is called Politeness. I have heard it defined, "an artificial good-nature;" but may we not more truly say, that good-nature is natural to politeness? Art will make but an imperfect work, if the assistance of nature be wanting.

Politeness is that continual attention which humanity inspires in us, both to please others, and to avoid giving them offence. The plain-dealer exclaims loudly against this virtue, and prefers his own surly bluntness and Gothic freedom. The flatterer, on the contrary, substitutes in its place insipid compliments, and a jargon of unmeaning sentences. The one blames politeness, because he takes it for a vice; and the other is the occasion of this, because that which he practises really is so.

Politeness may be divided into three branches: civility, complaisance, and respect.

Civility, generally speaking, is a ceremonial agreed on and established among mankind, with a view of giving each other external testimonies of friendship and esteem. This ceremonial varies with the different customs of nations; but all have one of some kind or other: and it may reasonably be presumed, from this universal practice, that it has its foundation in nature; whence I conclude, that civility is a duty prescribed by the law of reason.

The manner of addressing ourselves to persons in various stations, of saluting them, of expressing our respect, the terms we make use of in speaking to them, the titles

which are given to them, are all originally mere arbitrary formalities, which custom only has established. These two things, then, are certain; the one, that right reason and good sense require us to practise some kind of civility; the other, that neither good sense nor right reason determine in what particular acts it ought to consist; every nation having chosen those which are most conformable to the ideas and taste of the people.

Complaisance is an honest condescension by which we bend our wills to render them conformable to those of others. It consists simply in not contradicting the taste and sentiments of any person; and even anticipating them, as far as we are able: this is not, perhaps, the most excellent of all the virtues; but it is, at least, extremely useful, and very agreeable in society.

We may give pleasure to mankind by a courteous behaviour, by a gaiety of temper, or by ingenious sallies of wit and humour; but not any of these ways of pleasing is of such universal use as complaisance; for he who delights in contributing to the pleasure of others, never fails of securing their friendship: this is a perfection that will be valued at all times, in all places, and on all occasions.

By respect, I mean that regard and deference which is due to every useful individual in society, whether he moves in a superior or in an inferior sphere of life. Custom and interest incline us to revere our superiors, without sufficiently attending to their merits; but of all others, men of genius and science, who are too often neglected, and suffered to languish in obscurity, have the greatest claims, not only to our regard, but to our protection and support.

* * *

ANECDOTES
OF THE LATE CELEBRATED DR. ROBERTSON,
HISTORIOGRAPHER FOR SCOTLAND.

For some years before his death, Dr. Robertson was much afflicted with a periodical deafness, which entirely deprived him of the conversation of his friends. Wearied with reading and sauntering, he resolved to improve this distress to the best advantage, and actually wrote his last performance while labouring under so severe a calamity. When his hearing returned, he too returned to society. When it departed, he also withdrew to his closet and study. Dr. Robertson owed much of his celebrity, as an author, to the adventitious circumstance of having been early in life first settled in an obscure country parish (Gladsmuir), where the duty was trifling. His first production was an admirable Sermon on the State of the World at the appearance of Christ; and Gladsmuir was next honoured with his bringing forth his Mary Queen of Scots. If Dr. Robertson excelled in one talent more than another, it was as a companion. Accustomed long to the most learned and respectable society, it was his practice to record in a common-place book, the anecdotes or ingenious conversation of the day. This was attended with the happiest effects; for knowing the complexion of the friends with whom he was to pass the day, and consulting his register, he came forth prepared for the occasion. The writer of this has often witnessed his introducing such anecdotes with inimitable address; and whether he associated with lawyers, soldiers, or merchants, all of them left his company impressed with the notion that he had made their profession his particular study.

KOTZEBUE.

The Play of this celebrated author which on our stage is called the Stranger, produced very contrary effects when it was brought forward on the *Theatre François* in Paris, as is evinced by the two following anecdotes:—A young man being violently in love with the sister of his friend, solicited her hand, obtained his request, and impatiently waited for the day which was to confirm his felicity. On the evening of the day fixed upon for the sacred ceremony, he accompanied his mistress, her mother, and brother, to a representation of the piece here alluded to; in all the interesting scenes, the young lover appeared greatly affected; he saw his future brother-in-law shedding tears, and his mother weeping abundantly, while the young lady smiled with contempt at the whole exhibition! —After the play was over, he handed the ladies to their carriage, and immediately took leave of them, whispering, as follows, his constant friend and inseparable companion: "I shall never marry your sister!—the woman who can, without being affected, witness the contrition of an honest mind that has erred, is not a fit wife for a man of honour." —Some days after, a gentleman, rather advanced in the vale of life, was at the same play, listening to every sentence with philosophical attention; he happened, however, to cast his eyes into one of the opposite boxes, where he saw a young lady of his acquaintance (whom he was on the eve of marrying) bathed in tears, and visibly moved by the passing scene of woe. The tender interest the young lady took in the representation was attended by bad consequences for her. Her rich admirer wrote to her the next day, and surrendered every pretension to her person!

REVIEW OF FEMALE LITERATURE.

A SERIES OF POPULAR ESSAYS, *illustrative of Principles essentially connected with the Improvement of the Understanding, the Imagination, and the Heart.* By ELIZABETH HAMILTON, *Author of* "*Letters on the Elementary Principles of Education,*" "*Cottagers of Glenburnie,*" *&c. Edinburgh,* Manners and Miller: *London,* Longman and Co. Cadell and Davies. 2 *vols.* 8*vo.*

THE writings of Miss Hamilton have long been held in much esteem. The Essays before us tend to enhance her reputation, as endeavouring to promote the cause of virtue, and the interests of religion.

In an Introduction of considerable length, the object and nature of the present performance are detailed. Of the extent of her talents she speaks with particular modesty, and acknowledges the repugnance that she feels in adverting to her own works. The candour of criticism is thus imprecated, and she assures her readers, that if she has not been gifted with extraordinary powers, she has taken every possible care to repel dullness, and establish truth.

Few persons, she observes, are enabled to judge of the utility or inutility of the intellectual science. To be thought instrumental in diffusing the observations or discoveries of superior minds, Miss Hamilton signifies, she should deem no trifling praise; but that is not the object she had principally in view, when writing these Essays. The prominent feature of her design is, an attempt to deduce, from an attentive review of the human mind, "proofs, that revealed religion offers the only effectual means of improving the human character."

In the second Essay, Miss Hamilton has endeavoured

to shew in what manner nature contributes to the expansion of the understanding; and that attention is in every instance the agent by whose operation the intellectual faculties are developed and improved. With infinite propriety does she maintain, that time lavished on the contemplation of the works of God can never be considered as misapplied, if it conduces to a just estimation of the Great Creator.

Her attention is next directed to the importance of enlightening the minds of the lower classes of society by education. On this head opinions differ, particularly in the elevated ranks of society. In many respects it is extremely proper; in others, it is not without its disadvantages; but, without obtruding our ideas on a point of such magnitude, we shall note the sentiments of Miss Hamilton on the subject, as affording a favourable specimen of her abilities.

"I may be pardoned," she observes, "for making a few observations on a matter of such importance, as I am aware that, from the gross ignorance and depravity of the greater number of those employed in our English manufactories, a plausible objection may be brought against the conclusion I am anxious to establish. But though it be acknowledged that the most effective workmen are often the most profligate, and that these are stimulated to work by no other motive than that of procuring by their labour the means of sensual gratification; it must be remembered, that persons of this description are regarded by their employers as part of the machinery, and that it is by workmen of superior character that these inferior ones are set in motion. It is on the knowledge and judgement of these that the master manufacturer depends for his success. He succeeds; and if he be a man of narrow mind, cares not how vicious the propensities are, which, in the lower orders, operate as an incentive to exertion. But happily, more enlightened views now very generally prevail. Ex-

perience has proved, that motives of a higher and more generous nature may be no less operative than those that are brutal and vicious; and that in proportion as the capability of exerting the mental energies has been extended, industry and application have been substituted for those violent but transient effects, produced by the avidity for sensual indulgence. It has been found, that, in proportion as the judgement has been enlightened by education, attention has been providentially directed towards the future; and that the desire of respect, or distinction, or honourable independence, acts with no less vigour than the desire of present enjoyment."

To which she adds, that as it is only by cultivation that the sphere of judgement can be thus enlarged; she is an advocate not only for extending the advantages of education, but for promoting the freedom of discussion to all orders aud classes in the community.

We are further told by Miss Hamilton, that the work now offered to the public was composed, or, at least, suggested, in the solitary hours of sickness, and consequently may be expected to exhibit some marks of that languor of mind attendant on bodily indisposition. But as the pain she endured, though it frequently interrupted, never broke the connexion of her thoughts, she trusts, in the series, that few material chasms will be discoverable.

CREBILLON, THE ELDER.

This author was no less distinguished for the extent of his genius than for his openness of heart and unassuming manners; he would, however, permit no one to jest with him but his son. Being one day in company, where he was asked which he considered the best of his productions, he very archly replied, *Je ne sais pas quelle est ma meilleure production;* but, shewing his son, *voilà sans doute la plus mauvaise.*

THE APOLLONIAN WREATH.

SONNETS.

Oh were it mine by pitying fortune blest,
Far from the busy toils of anxious care,
Amid the leafy shades of tranquil rest
To lay me down, and as a hermit there
Steal from the world! for not the idle glare
Of pomp nor pow'r can soothe my sick'ning soul,
That all disdainful, as in 'tangling snare,
Pants to be free, and spurns the dull controul
Of sordid fetters, and a grov'lling doom——
Despairing thus, when storms the furious blast,
The trembling sailor thro' the gath'ring gloom,
Looks sad and fearful from the rocking mast,
And wishful gazes on the distant beach
Where smiles the shelt'ring shore his bark shall never reach.

Music, sweet solace! that in loneliest hour,
When fade all other joys that erst might charm,
Canst lull my soul with fascinating pow'r
From dreams of doubt and tumults of alarm,
Breathing such heav'nly sorrows in their stead
As my tir'd spirit would for ever share——
Oh! softly now thy thrilling transports shed,
And smooth the black'ning tempest ofdespair:
Yet do not come as in thy sportive glee
When sweeps the dance with many a mirthful change;
But tune thy harp to saddest minstrelsy,
Ethereal numbers, solemn, wild, and strange,
And plaintive notes that sighing as they sing
Mourn pensive on the ear, and die along the string!

WAKE, slumb'rer, wake! that down the placid stream
Of pleasing fancy glidest yet along,
Cheating thy soul with perishable dream
Of things that are not.—From the syren's song
Draw back thine ear, nor trust the sportive gale
That murmurs thee to rest, and ever blows
With soothing blandishment and treach'rous tale,
As love, and virtue, friendship, and repose,
Did wait thee in the *world*, to gladden there
Thy ling'ring hours!—for sorrow, toil, and strife,
And disappointed hope, and vexing care,
And all the stern realities of life,
Too soon, alas! shall cloud thy painted bliss,
And stab thy shudd'ring heart with dreary wretchedness.

OSCAR.

AN

ELEGIAC EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,

WRITTEN UNDER THE IMPRESSION OF MELANCHOLY,

BY THE LATE MR GAY.

FRIEND of my youth! shedd'st thou the pitying tear
O'er the sad relics of my happier days?
Of nature tender as of soul sincere,
Pour'st thou for me the melancholy lays?

Oh! truly sad! the distant landscape bright,
Whose vivid colours glitter'd on the eye,
Is faded now, and sunk in shades of night,
On chilly eve, as closing flow'rets die.

Yet had I hop'd, when first, in better times,
I trod the magic paths where fancy led,
The Muse to foster in more friendly climes,
Where never Misery rais'd its hated head.

How vain the thought! hope after hope expires!
Friend after friend, joy after joy is lost;
My dearest wishes feed the fun'ral fires,
And love is purchas'd at too dear a cost.

Yet could my heart the selfish comfort know,
That not alone I murmur and complain,
Well might I find companions in my woe,
All born to grief,—the family of pain.

Full well I know, in Life's uncertain road,
The thorns of Misery are profusely sown;
Full well I know, in this terrene abode,
Beneath the chast'ning rod what numbers groan.

Born to a happier state, how many pine
Beneath th' oppressor's pow'r, or feel the smart
Of bitter want, or foreign evils join
To the sad symptoms of a broken heart!

How many, fated from their birth to view
Misfortunes growing with their rip'ning years,
The same sad track thro' various scenes pursue,
Still journeying forward thro' a vale of tears!

To them, alas! what boots the light of heav'n,
While still new miseries mark their destin'd way,
Whether to their unhappy lot be given
Death's long sad night, or Life's short busy day?

Me not such themes delight;—I more rejoice
When chance some happier, better change I see;
Tho' no such change await my luckless choice,
And mountains rise between my hopes and me.

For why should he who roves the dreary waste
Still joy on ev'ry side to view the gloom?
Or when upon the couch of sickness plac'd,
Well pleas'd survey a hapless neighbour's tomb?

If e'er a gleam of comfort glads my soul,
If e'er my brow to wonted smiles unbends,
'Tis when the fleeting minutes as they roll
Can add one gleam of pleasure to my friends.

E'en in these shades, the last abode of grief,
Some transient blessings will that thought bestow,
To Melancholy's self yield some relief,
And ease the breast surcharg'd with mortal woe.

Long has my bark, in rudest tempest toss'd,
Encounter'd seas, and stemm'd Life's hostile wave;
Suffice it now, in all my wishes cross'd,
To seek a peaceful harbour in the grave.

And when that hour shall come (as come it must,
Ere many waning moons their horns increase)
When this frail frame shall mix with kindred dust,
And all its fond pursuits and troubles cease;

When those black gates that ever open stand,
Receive me on the irremeable shore;
When Life's frail glass has run its latest sand,
And the dull jest repeated charms no more;

Then may my friend weep o'er the fun'ral hearse;
Then may his presence gild the awful gloom;
And his last tribute be some mournful verse,
To mark the spot that holds my silent tomb.

This and no more;—the rest let Heav'n provide;
To which resign'd, I trust my weal or woe;
Assur'd, howe'er its justice shall decide,
To find nought worse than I have left below.

SONNET TO THE SWALLOW.

Ah! happy bird! wilt thou too leave
Thy unmolested nest and me;
In secret pensively to grieve
The loss of joy, the loss of thee?

Companion sweet! if 'twere not vain,
I'd wish for summer all the year;
Then we should never part again;
Then thou wouldst never disappear.

But wish'd I have, and wish'd in vain;
Nor will it bring us both together;
I can but wait, in anxious pain,
Fair skies, fair prospects, and fair weather;

When doubly welcome shalt thou be
To my lone home, but more to me.

M.

SONNET TO THE ANT.

INSTRUCTIVE insect! shall thy toil
Our human resolutions foil?
Shall we behold, and scorn to learn
The maxims we so cheap may earn?

The summer hours are spent by thee
In fix'd designs of industry;
Early thy granaries contain
Food for winter's barren reign.

When thy laborious moments past,
And harvest gather'd in at last;
Then smiling plenty bounteous cheers,
Nor idle fancies urge their fears.

'Tis not the brightest truths that plainest give
Lessons to man, nor teach him how to live.

M.

TO ELLEN, ABSENT.

OH, thought! busy thought! wilt thou still hover near,
And picture the moments my soul held so dear?
Wilt thou count all the joys which have gladden'd my soul,
Nor miss one dear friend o'er the care-killing bowl?

Wilt thou tell me, scarce tasted, my pleasures have flown,
And have left but faint proofs that they once were my own?
That the rapturous moments my love and I pass'd,
Were fleet, and tho' fleet, were too blissful to last?

Oh, yes! thou may'st tell that those joys once were mine;
That I've knelt at Love's altar, at Hymen's bless'd shrine;
If thou bring'st not foul Contrast to blast ev'ry scene,
And to buz in my ears, that those pleasures—*have been;*

That distant from friendship and love I reside;
That my plaints on the breezes unheeded now ride;
Or if heard, are as notes from some far-sounding lyre,
Which just strike the ear, and unnotic'd retire!

B.

THE BUD IN ITS BLOSSOM.

ADDRESSED TO MISS L———, OF A———.

BY J. M.

O FAIR are the flow'rs that adorn the Esk river!
In beauty they flourish, in elegance vie;
But the loveliest flow'r is a bud in its blossom;
That bud is young Jessie, each swain will reply.
The rose-bud recluse hides its gem 'mongst the foliage,
And lures with its fragrance the wand'rer astray
So sweetly beguiling did lovely young Jessie
To love's deepest feeling this bosom betray.

How sweet 'mongst the woodlands to roam with fair Jessie,
And spy the young buds that enamel the plain;
And while with the lover's fond eye I survey her,
To think her the fairest that graces the scene!
How lovely the lilly expands its white bosom!
So lovely young Jessie in innocence stands;
So artless and tender, so fraught with compassion,
This lovely young blossom affection commands.

Ye soft-sighing breezes that circle the Pentlands,
On soft downy pinions descend to the plain!
And O lightly rest on this lovely young blossom,
That stands so pre-eminent queen of the scene!
For dear to my heart is this bud in its blossom,
And fain I'd transplant her to bloom by the Tyne:
O listen, dear Jessie! for love's deepest feeling
Thy graces unnumber'd around me entwine.

East Lothian, 1813.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE POCKET-BOOK SENT BY MR. LILLY.

THRICE welcome, "little book," to me,
Who all thy various charms can see!
Not for thyself alone I prize
The worth that in thy pages lies;
Tho' much, indeed, to thee belongs,
A praise for use, for wit, and songs.
Whene'er thy leaves salute mine eyes,
My Lilly's form is wont to rise;
His dulcet lays again inspire,
Through all my breast, poetic fire;
His wishes kind again impart
Their wonted softness to my heart.
And much I wish to me was due
But half the grace which Lilly drew.
Too kind my humble charms he scann'd,
And me (unworthy) perfect plann'd.
But while his eulogy I prize,
I'll keep the picture in mine eyes;
And then my book shall henceforth show
My steps in wisdom, tho' but slow.
To thee, when faint, I'll cast my view,
And *strive* to prove my Lilly's praise *more true*.

ELIZABETH

LINES,

WRITTEN AFTER READING OSSIAN'S POEMS.

How sweetly mournful steals thy song,
  Thou bard of other years, and sweep
Its plaintive murmurs still along,
  In tuneful cadence dull and deep.
Ah! hallow'd are thy melting lays;
  For pity loves to muse and weep
O'er ages past, eventful days,
  Sepulchred in oblivion's sleep;
And sadly sweet those numbers glide
  That once could rouse to battle far
The martial chieftain's crested pride,
  Or soothe in peace the frown of war;
And breathe, in warmer, softer lay,
  Of anxious love the tender theme;
Or bid the museful mind to stray
  'Mid fancy's wild romantic dream.

Where now, oh! car-borne Fingal's son,
  Sleep'st thou unheard? Does Cona rear
'Mid other days thy dark grey stone,
  Or Mora view thy spirit near?
Alas! no more thy harp shall pour
  The song of joy; the sounding shell
Of heroes' feasts is heard no more,
  But slumbers in oblivion's spell.
Thy soaring spirit long has fled
  Beyond thy blue hills distant far;
Like thee, too, mingled with the dead
  The bossy shield, the spear of war,—
The warrior's helm, the nodding plume,
  The pond'rous axe, the radiant car,
Thy hounds are couch'd beside thy tomb,
  And check'd their speed, and dim their star;

And ages since have roll'd along
Their little span, their short-liv'd fame,
That not the poets falt'ring song
From darkness shields a wreck, or name;
But, as the meteor's transient blaze,
That darted quick with vivid glare,
And as it caught the trav'ller's gaze,
Dissolv'd, alas! to vacant air;
Or, like the morning beam that shone,
Or mist that cloth'd the mountain's side,
At noon their influence shed and gone,
Forgot their pow'r, forgot their pride.

Yet still the moon-beams softly play
Along the dark streams rolling wave,
And o'er the blue hills far they stray,
And gleam upon the hero's grave;
Still floating on the evening gale,
The grey mists creep the heath along,
And night sighs mournful thro' the vale;
But ah! they wake not Ossian's song,
The loud blasts whistle by his cave,
His voice hath fail'd in gloom of night,
The hunter weeps not at his grave,
No radiant star with twinkling light
Points to the wand'ring stranger's eye
His mossy couch, or moulder'd spot,
The rustling winds o'er Selma sigh,
And mourn the bard of songs forgot!

But now the sons of other years
Are sporting in lifes short-liv'd hour,
When soon another race appears,
And they, alas! are seen no more.
Learn ye who climb the giddy height
That towering o'er ambition's way,
How soon relentless time will blight
The empty honors of a day;

How soon the " narrow house" will hide
The mighty now in blaze of fame;
How soon life's fleeting hours will glide,
And we shall pass " but as a flame
That for a little season shone."
The dark high grass will mark the spot,
And soon the moss around our stone
Will creep, and we shall be forgot.

1812. J. M. B.

TO AN INFANT DAUGHTER,

INSCRIBED TO MY FRIENDS MR. AND MRS. B——D.

Wilt thou, sweet smiling innocent, essay,
With filial tenderness, to serve thy sire,
When years thy charms expanded shall display,
And beauty shall the heart with love inspire?
O wilt thou strive to smooth life's thorny way,
And tott'ring age's willing soother be!
When his now manly form shall meet decay,
Whose earlier days devoted were to thee?
And wilt thou with a fond affection pay
A loving mother for the anxious care
With which, full oft, in childhood's happier day,
Thy joys she heighten'd and thy pains beguil'd?
These are their hopes, and as they blossom fair
O rise to puberty and prove a duteous child!

REUBEN.

ON HUMAN LIFE.

When from his sable pillow, Sol, his head
Lifts up, emerging from his lazy bed,
Opens the windows of the eastern sky,
And, smiling, views, with omni-present eye,

Fair nature waking from her still repose,
Bright in that beam which health and gladness sows,
Tuning beneath, above, her various voice,
While newly quicken'd, all her works rejoice;
Soon fades the brilliant scene, sol ends his race,
And night comes stealing with his hidden face:
A silent, gloomy contrast now succeeds,
And widow'd nature wears her sable weeds.
Our life at best is but a summer's day;
We're hardly born before we're swept away.
Then he alone deserves the name of wise,
Who, ere his sun shall sink beneath the skies,
Takes heed that in eternity his sun again may rise.

L—g—ly H—l. O.

TO A FRIEND.

Hard is the task to mourn a sister gone,
Yet, dear Lorenzo, must that task be ours;
Duteous we'll weep together o'er her urn,
And strew her grave with wreaths of early flowers;

And no rude voice shall murmur in the aisle
Where the cold form of her we lov'd is laid;
But there shall death, now satiate with his spoil,
Stay his fell hand to view the wreck he made,

Nor I, nor you, nor e'en her sire, could save
The lovely victim from his tyrant sway;
Yet shall she rise triumphant from the grave,
And soar to regions of eternal day!

And when at evening's silent hour we bend
Our pensive steps towards Eliza's tomb,
The blessed spirit of our sainted friend
Shall bid us cease to weep her early doom.

L—g—ly H—l. J. M. O.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION,
FOR NOVEMBER, 1813.

Dresses invented by Mrs. Green.

Morning-Dress. A pelisette of Spanish green cloth, or silk, made tight in the body, and fastened round the waist with tassels; bonnet and feather *en suite;* white silk gloves.

Afternoon-Dress. A flowing robe of white satin, with a white velvet boddice, trimmed round the shoulders with Brussels' lace; Indian turban of white muslin, spotted with silver; white gloves and shoes.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have so highly appreciated several of Mr. PORTER's contributions, that it is with regret we decline the insertion of his last paper, on the score of personality. Subjects of a general nature, which he is well able to discuss, will be thankfully received, and meet with due attention. With this reference, we accept his correspondence on the terms he intimates.

We look for a continuation of Mr. FINN's Letters.

The favours of several of our Correspondents are under consideration, and will be attended to next month.

Erratum in our last, p. 233, in Sonnet, line 7th,

For—" As they would lull to everlasting rest,"

Read—" As they would lull to everlasting sleep,"

London Fashions for November.

Published by J.W.H. Payne, November 1, 1809.

BRITISH
14
48
SEP

Peter Van Bleeck. pinx.t

H.R. Cook. sculp.t

Mrs. WOFFINGTON.

Published by I.W.H. Payne. Dec.r 1st 1825